

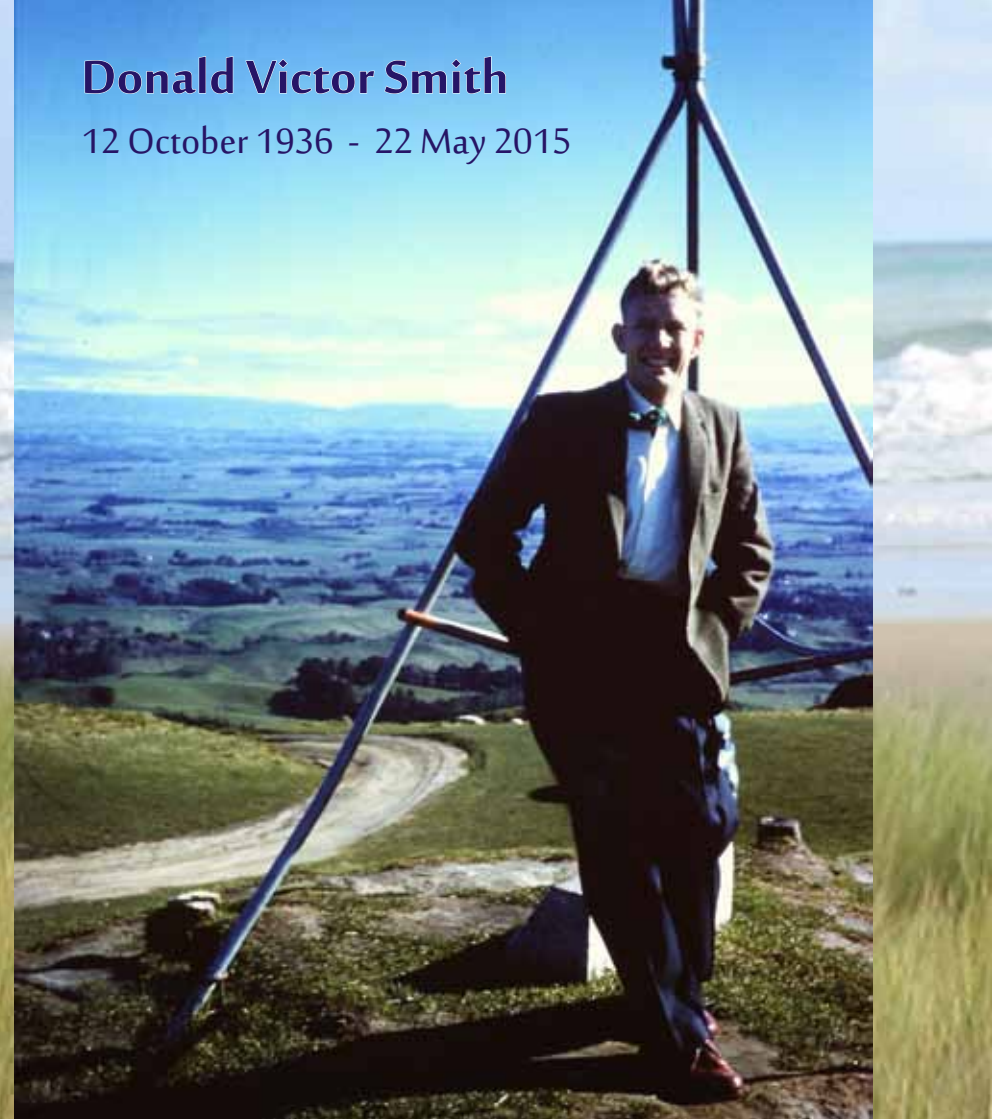
The Rock

He is the rock on which we build
No shifting sands, no caravans
But deep foundations, so solid and strong
A base of stone, for us alone

Walls of ethics, a roof of truth
Grounded in honesty, a structure for life
A temple to unconditional love
And a house to last the generations

In our blackest night, a beacon of light
No matter how far, whatever the hour
In a storm forever a safe harbour
In a crisis always a safe haven

Live with love, loyalty and respect
This we learned from our Dad
Our man of heart, our man of principle
For he is the rock on which we build



Donald Victor Smith

12 October 1936 - 22 May 2015

Waiapu Cathedral of St. John

Browning Street, Napier

Friday 29th May 2015 at 2.00pm

Celebrant: Elisabeth Paterson
Organist: Lester O'Brien
Funeral Director: Neil Earnshaw



*A warm invitation is extended to you to
join the family after the service at the HB Club,
corner of Browning Street and Marine Parade.*

Welcome and Prayer

Remembrance

The Lord's Prayer

Hymn: Guide Me O Thou Great Redeemer

Reading: 'The Rock'
Roger Smith reads his own poem to his father

Reading: 'As We Look Back'
Read by Vicki Lowrie

Tributes

Pat Gallagher
Don McLeod
Masonic Lodge

Prayers

Hymn: Who Would True Valour See

Eulogy
Given by Mike Smith

Commendation and Blessing

Recessional
Triumphal March from Aida

Guide Me O Thou Great Redeemer

Guide me, O thou great Redeemer,
pilgrim through this barren land;
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
hold me with thy powerful hand:
bread of heaven, bread of heaven
feed me till I want no more;
feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain
whence the healing stream doth flow;
let the fire and cloudy pillar
lead me all my journey through:
strong deliverer, strong deliverer,
be thou still my strength and shield;
be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
bid my anxious fears subside;
death of death, and hell's destruction,
land me safe on Canaan's side:
songs of praises, songs of praises.
I will ever give to thee;
I will ever give to thee.

Who Would True Valour See

Who would true valour see,
let him come hither;
one here will constant be,
come wind, come weather.
There's no discouragement
shall make him once relent
his first avowed intent
to be a pilgrim.

Whoso beset him round
with dismal stories,
do but themselves confound;
his strength the more is.
No lion can him fright,
he'll with a giant fight,
but he will have a right
to be a pilgrim.

Hobgoblin nor foul fiend
can daunt his spirit:
he knows he at the end
shall life inherit.
Then fancies fly away;
he'll fear not what men say;
he'll labour night and day
to be a pilgrim.